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The Story of a New Guinea Idol.

A LETTER FROM HIRO TO THE MEN OF RAROTONGA.

(Translated by the Rev. J. Chalmers, in 'Missionary Chronicle.')

Sirs, the men of Rarotonga, be ye blessed, —'Tis I, Hiro, who writes this letter to you that you may know something of the work in our district here. I write of what I know.

It was May of last year that Tamate said to me that I was to go to the East and look about. It was the 2nd of June when I began to make my preparations. The people of Saguane tried to prevent my going, as they said it was a district of bad people and murderers. Two old men came and told me they were a very bad lot, that long ago they went with a large and friendly party, but all were murdered except themselves. I listened and got ready.

On the day of leaving, the Saguane people all came on to the beach, crying bitterly. They said that their children had never before been where we were going. I took one church member from here and we went to Ipisia to get Waragi, a chief, who had been all over the parts we were going to when he was young. He is now a church member.

Getting him on board, we continued our course to Waboda, where we landed to try the language. I found I was understood. I got an old man to accompany us, and we continued our voyage to the other side of the Waboda Islands until dark, when we anchored and slept. Early next morning we continued to the mainland until we arrived off the islands named Debiri, and near to the village called Maipani. We pulled in nearer, and were within speaking distance, when the Waboda man stood up in the boat and asked: 'Shall we be killed if we land?' An Ipisia man, who had been many years at Maipani, answered: 'No, it is all right; the people are very frightened, and have gone to the bush. Land, and I will look after you.'

THE MISSION HOUSE, PORT MORESBY.

We were by this time near the shore. The Ipisia man sprang into the boat and told the crew not to be afraid, as it was all right. The crew pulled still further along quite fearlessly until we got near the village. The chief, Miri, then waded out to us and came on board.

The mud was very bad, so the people got a canoe and dragged it to the boat. I got into the canoe and was taken safely and cleanly ashore. I knew then that all was well. I was then led to their large house, which is called the Darimo, where no women sleep. I asked the chief and the Ipisia man to come near and tell me where the people were. They replied:—'They have all run away.' I told them why I had come—to bring them words of peace, and that fighting should cease. 'Now,' said I, 'bring the people back and let them come here that I may speak to all.' They then went out and called the people, who soon returned and assembled. I said: 'Let us for ever be at peace.' They answered: 'Be it so.' I then divided a piece of tobacco, which we smoked. I also took a cocoanut and planted it, and called it 'Miro'—i. e., peace. They answered: 'May it be a true peace for ever, and may no one come here afterwards with guns and shoot us.' They then brought us cooked sago and a bamboo pipe—a real sign on their part of true peace.

That night we slept in the village, and the following morning went to another village called Wariogirio. We landed there, followed by many Maipani. I went to the large house, but there was no one in it. All had fled to the bush. The Ipisia man had also followed us, so I sent him to try and get the people back. He went out, calling as he went along, and soon many people came. He interpreted for me, and I spoke words of peace. He then told them what I had been telling the people at Maipani, about Jesus and his Peace. The people answered: 'It is good, and we rejoice to hear it.' We then had a service.

After the service was finished I went over their house. The posts were carved with figures. They had no chief. He had died a short time before. I gave them some small presents, and we left for other villages. We entered the Bamu river and pulled up it till we arrived at a village called Dameragerómo. We landed, but there was no one in the village; all had fled. After a while a few returned. I went to the Darimo, and from there to another house, where we all gathered, and I held a service.

After the service I was looking about and saw a carved piece of wood which looked like an idol. I asked them to give it to me, which they did, when I found it was not an idol, but a thing to hang skulls on. The boat's captain drew near to me and said:—'There is a real idol over yonder.' It was in another house. I went with him and saw that it was an idol. As there was no one in the house, I went to fetch the owner or owners of the house. When they came I offered them a tomahawk for it; but they said: 'No, we cannot part with that which is the life of our land and gives us our food.' I told them of the true God that he alone was good and merciful and gave us all things. I told them of Jesus who died for us.

We had a service, and afterwards I again asked for the idol, and offered a tomahawk and a few small things. But they said if they parted with it it would only be for a very big price. So I gave them one tomahawk, some calico, tobacco, and beads, and they let me take it. I told them it was a big price, seeing it was not a pig which we could eat, but only a piece of wood.

Evening had now come, so we decided to remain. I had all the people brought together in one place and spoke to them of the one great Peace in Jesus, and asked them to receive his Peace. We slept that night in the house from which we had got the idol. Early in the morning I went to the large house, where we had a crowded service. I told them, amongst other things, that it was now peace between us for ever, and they said: 'It is so.' They had no chief, their late one having been killed by the people of a neighboring village.

I wanted to visit many more villages, but as the wind was increasing daily I thought it safer to return. Hence my forced return. We got into the boat with the idol, but we could see the people were very unsettled about our taking it away. I ordered all to the oars, and we made a quick departure. When we got outside we hoisted sail and stood across for Waboda, where we slept that night. The following morning we stood right over to Abaura, and then over to Kiwai. We had travelled, and only goodness had attended us; and now we had returned in safety, only goodness was ours.

The name of the idol is Keberedubu. It is the name of one of their ancestors, who, in his old age, took a piece of wood, carved it, and called it a god, naming it after himself. When he died they say his spirit entered into the idol, so that Keberedubu was their real forefather, that they come from him, and that he made all things. I told them that it was not so, but that the true God made everything and us also. I told them that their idol was only a piece of wood, that it could neither make land, nor cause food to grow, nor anything else. They said that all their best food was given to

Keberedubu, and that all young girls were presented to him.

I have finished all I have to say. Adieu. May we ever live at the feet of Jesus. Sufficient.

(Signed), HIRO.

A Father's Example.

(By Frank H. Kasson, in N.Y. 'Observer.')

How easy it is for a father to make or mar the destiny of his son. This is a homely truth, but it comes home to us with startling force in our experiences now and then. Here is a case, actual fact, which made a deep impression on me recently:

Talking with my genial friend, Professor X, who has cured a great many persons of stammering, he said, abruptly, as I started to go:

'Wait a little. Sit down. I want to tell you a story. It won't take more than five minutes.' Seeing that he was much in earnest I sat down. Then he began in his cool, thoughtful way: 'I see a good deal of human nature in my dealings with people. You know I do a great amount of work for poor folks for which I do not get any pay. Their gratitude pays me. But I want to tell you of one case I had years ago that I'll never forget.

'A man came into my office one morning, a well-dressed, keen-eyed, thin-lipped fellow, and said he wanted to speak with me. "All right, sir, what can I do for you, sir?"

'"Why, they tell me that you often give your services free in cases where people are too poor to pay you."

'"Yes, I do sometimes in deserving cases where I feel sure they are unable to pay."

'"Well, I live some miles out of the city, and, as I was coming in, I thought I would run in and tell you about a poor woman in our town, who has a son, a nice, bright boy, who stammers dreadfully. The woman is a widow, with six children, and takes in washing for a living. She's real poor. And I thought maybe you'd help her boy."

'"You say she is a widow. What's her name?"

'"Smith—the widow Smith."

'"Yes? And your name?"

'"Oh, it isn't any matter about my name."

'"Yes, but I like to know who the people are that I'm dealing with."

'"Well, my name is White, George White."

'"Yes. Well, Mr. White, you tell the Widow Smith to bring in her boy and let me see him. If it is a simple case, I guess we can arrange it; but if it is a severe case that would take me a long time, I could not undertake it without remuneration. By the way, why could not some of your neighbors, who know the widow and are interested in the boy, chip in and make up a purse for the sake of having the little fellow cured?"

'At this he winced and turned uneasily on his chair. "Oh," he said, "I just have a neighborly interest in her and the boy. But I couldn't do much to help them."

'"Very well. You tell Widow Smith to bring in the boy and let me see him, and it shan't cost her anything except the expense of coming into town."

'A few days later in came George White with a bright-looking lad of about sixteen years. I looked the boy over carefully, and then I looked at the man, and I drew several very definite conclusions in my own mind, but I did not say anything.

'"Good morning, Professor X," said he, "I've brought you that boy I was telling you about the other day."

'"Yes. Well, good morning, my lad, I'm glad to see you. Come over here and let me talk with you a little. Sit down there, Mr. White. I want to talk a little with the boy, and see just how badly off he is."

'So I placed the boy with his back to Mr. White, and I sat squarely down in front of him and began:

'"Are you much troubled in speaking?"

'"Y-y-es, sir. Some-sometimes."

'"See, where do you live?"

'"Out in Rock-Rockville, sir."

'"Yes, well I want you to let me see how you can talk." Then I looked him square in the eyes: "What is your name?"

'" Ge-George White, sir."

'"No, no," cried Mr. White, squirming on his chair. "Smith, sir, Smith."

'"Yeth, S-S-S-S—" but the boy was so frightened that he couldn't say Smith."

'"Well, my boy, can you read?"

'"Ye-yeth, Thir."

'"Good. Your mother is living?"

'"Y-yes, sir."

'"How many brothers and sisters have you?"

'"F-four, sir."

'Then I lowered my voice and looked him straight in the eye and asked: "Is this your father?"

'"Y-yes, sir.'

'"That will do, Mr. White," I said, and I looked across to the man, "your son is a bad case, but I can cure him. But it will cost you $200 to do it. Now, I don't mean $175 when I say $200."

'Well, he wanted to get out of it there. You never saw a man so cowed and so angry with himself, and so abashed as he was. He did not know what to say. But as he turned to go out I said to him, "Mr. White, this is a sorry lesson you've taught your boy to-day. You've taught him a lesson that he'll never forget as long as he lives. I only hope, sir, he will not turn on you and curse you for what you've done."

'Often I think of that man, lying to me to save a few dollars and trying to make his son lie. Tripped so easily, for men don't often fool me; and I knew as soon as I set eyes on the boy, that he was a chip off the old block. But what a lesson for that bright, innocent boy.'

One does not need to moralize over this tale. But, if fathers will ponder upon it, they will be likely to ask themselves some pretty serious questions as to the conscious and unconscious lessons they are teaching their boys.

Different Kinds of Dreams.

There are dreams and dreams. There are dreams that come of laziness, idleness, selfishness and over-feeding, gross nightmares, fit for swine; dreams coming of self-indulgence and worldliness, poor grovelling things; a man's mind is not much better for them. There are dreams that are born of a backboneless sentimentality, of sweet mock chivalry, that loves to represent itself in pretty pictures; not much good comes of them. But there are other dreams, that come out of a man's wide-awake activity; dreams that are the vapors rising from a fervent spirit from the cooling of the machinery. They work out the character that God is weaving in that lad or in that young girl. These dreams are prophetic; they have something of heaven in them; from God they come; they are the threads and fibres by which he would lead us on to do great deeds on earth, and at last receive us as faithful and good servants of our Master.—Prof. W. G. Elmslie.

Life in the Country.

The 'Sabbath Record' says of Life in the Country:

Too many men and women live in the presence of nature like one who wanders through a library filled with books in a language he does not understand.

Dwellers in the country are benefited more by this communion with nature than they realize. He must be indolent indeed who does not find some good in the thousand lessons that nature spreads out before him. Frontiersmen told us in our boyhood, living on the Western border, that the Indian, by putting his ear close to the ground, easily detected the approach of his enemies or the tread of the buffalo he was seeking. One has only to be open-eared and open-eyed in the presence of nature, to detect the presence of God in numberless ways.

Perhaps it is because we have sometimes been shut away from these beauties of nature that we rejoice the more in their lessons as the years carry us on toward the larger fulfilment of life's purposes. Be this as it may, the memories of the spring days of our boyhood, the lessons which autumn taught our earlier manhood, have culminated in that deep, calm, glorified sense of the nearness of God in nature, which of itself alone ends doubt, and into the glory of whose presence fear never ventures to come.

Our Life Melody.

There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it. In our whole life melody the music is broken off here and there by 'rests,' and we foolishly think we have come to the end of our time. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count, and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking-place had come in between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the 'rests.' They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the keynote. If we look up, God himself will beat time for us. With the eye upon him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, 'There is no music in a rest,' let us not forget 'there is the making of music in it.' The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lesson!—John Ruskin.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Oct. 28, Sun.—I know thy works.

Oct. 29, Mon.—Hold fast till I come.

Oct. 30, Tues.—He that hath an ear let him hear.

Oct. 31, Wed.—Be watchful.

Nov. 1, Thurs.—I have not found thy works perfect.

Nov. 2, Fri.—Repent.

Nov. 3, Sat.—I will not blot out his name out of the book of life.

God's grace is gracious; his kindness is loving kindness. There is no grudging in his gifts, and no reluctance in his relief.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'As He Would.'

A BUSINESS MAN'S PRACTICAL SYMPATHY FOR AN EMPLOYEE WHO HAD ERRED.

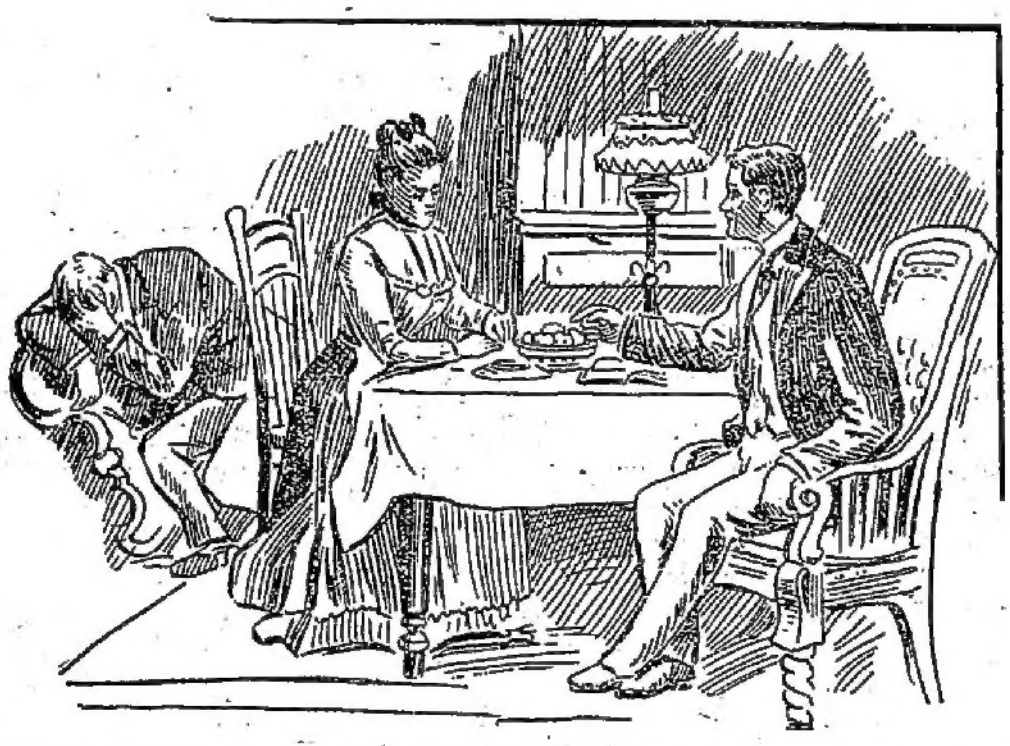
(By Lillie Cairns-Gibson, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Grief and shame were in the pretty little home which John and Maggie had been striving for some time, by care and frugality, to make their own.

No word of reproach, only those of sorrow and regret, had met him, when with mortification and remorse, John had confessed to his wife the crime of which he had been guilty and in which he had been detected.

'The hardest part to bear is the thought that you did it for my sake!' and Maggie buried her face on John's shoulder as they wept bitter tears of regret over their misfortune and disgrace.

John had been a trusted employee of a wholesale jewellery concern for several years, and no suspicion of guilt pointed to



A SHORT, TACTFUL INTERVIEW WITH MAGGIE REVEALED MUCH OF THE TRUE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

him when members of the firm became aware of the fact that sundry articles of value were missing from the stock, and shortly afterwards found in a pawnshop and recovered.

On a fair salary, John had maintained a comfortable home in a quiet part of the city, where he and Maggie had been very happy; but sickness had come to wife and children during the fall and winter and expenses of doctor and medicines had exhausted their little pile of savings and involved them in debt. The latter worried John more than he would acknowledge to Maggie, and after many a battle with discouragement and depression, he yielded to a temptation which was constantly presented to him in his trusted position. It would not be difficult to appropriate some of the small precious things, in his daily handling, to obtain the money he so much required for the present needs of his suffering dear ones; and it looked so easy to return the articles in the near future, and no one be really injured; and while it was not just the kind of transaction he would willingly have Maggie know-about—oh! no, he knew Maggie would do without bread before she would have him swerve in the least from the path of rectitude; but all the more these thoughts of her determined him that she must not want for anything which would make her recovery speedy and effectual!—and so it happened that circumstances combined to attack John at his weakest point, and his unselfish love and care for those dependent upon him arose paramount to his sense of right and justice and led him into dishonor, while he reasoned himself into the belief that he was only making use of this means to accomplish a worthy end; but the law laid its iron grasp upon his misdeed and called it 'theft.'

Perhaps no one felt the grief and disappointment of John's downfall more keenly than one of the younger members of the firm. A man who had not grown hard and unsympathetic even amid the 'cares of life and the deceitfulness of riches,' but who could see a possibility of good where others, with less heart, might turn away untouched and leave an opportunity of 'lending a hand' unheeded.

With real sorrow this man represented the company at the trial after John's arrest. All the tenderness of his heart revolted at the procedure, and his intended prosecution turned into an earnest and pathetic defence of the prisoner, on the grounds of 'first offence,' and 'stress of circumstances,' and ended with a plea to the judge to 'give him another chance.'

With a severe reprimand, which was scarcely needed to complete his feeling of unworthiness and obligation to his kind friend and employer, the case was dismissed; and as Mr. Brown grasped his hand in forgiveness and encouragement, all John could utter was, 'I do not deserve such kindness.'

As he turned to leave the scene, a fellow prisoner whose face was scarred and seamed and whose whole appearance was that of a 'heavy villain,' and who was awaiting his turn for trial, said to him:—'Young man, yours is a lucky chance*' and turning to Mr. Brown thrust out his rough hand; and with trembling voice said, 'I'm a hard old customer, as you can see; but, ah, sir, if my first crime had met such treatment I wouldn't have been where I am to-day!' And Mr. Brown, whose heart was big enough to have sheltered all the rogues in Christendom, went away pondering how best to help this young brother who had stumbled, to a safe and sure footing in the path of honor, wondering how many of us, who are so apt to feel the superiority of our moral strength because we have not fallen by the way, owe our exemption from crime because we have not been so sorely tempted.

Stubborn facts stared Mr. Brown in the face as he walked and thought and asked himself, 'What will become of John? He is out of a position. The firm will not take him back. The firm cannot give him a recommendation for honesty. What is he to do?'

Mr. Brown was not the kind of man who could ask such a question without demanding an answer; and that night when the shivering wind and sleet were driving men to the shelter of a cozy fireside, he buttoned his overcoat more closely about him and hastened through the storm to the little home where he knew two hearts were desolate with the blasts of discouragement and despair.

A short, tactful interview with Maggie revealed much of the real state of affairs. John's overwhelming sense of degradation and shame, and the realization of the fact that he had justly forfeited his position and the friendship of his employers by his misconduct, and that a new start in the world must be made against the terrible odds of a character blemished and a reputation sullied. Neither did this friend fail to discover through the innocent confidence of Maggie, the condition of their domestic affairs—and without offensive questioning, somehow knew that neither the coal-bin nor larder groaned with its weight of abundant supply.

There were anxious and weary days which lengthened into weeks before John began to see the rift in the clouds. Of course it was not hard to guess from whom the help came, which kept them from want and suffering which must otherwise have been theirs, during the dreary days of seeking employment; but every new evidence of kindness made John more desperate to be able to prove his gratitude and sincerity; and one memorable night, heartbroken and discouraged, after repeated refusals of work, he had about made up his mind to end the bitter, bitter strife; but the thought of Maggie's brave efforts to help and encourage him and the hope that one friend still trusted him, kept him from the foul deed, and as with a dejected air he entered his home, the little woman handed him a letter which broke the spell and put a bit of heart in him once more.

'This must be Mr. Brown's work!' said John, and the morning proved it true.

Mr. Brown had indeed been indefatigable in his efforts to secure a suitable position for John, which had at last been rewarded; and as he entered upon his new duties, he thought to explain his true position to his employer; but this kind man saved him the humiliation by warmly grasping his hand and replying, 'Mr. Brown is your friend and mine.'

In the little home there is the sweetness of joy and peace, and upon the tablets of two human hearts is inscribed the name of one who brightened their darkest hour with the reflection of his light who said, 'As ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them likewise.'

The commander-in-chief of the British army says: 'About 90 percent of the crime in our army is owing to drunkenness, and when our men are removed from the temptation of intoxicating liquor, crime is practically unknown among them.'

A Thanksgiving Day Incident

(A True Story.)

A young man, who shall be named George, was making a heroic effort to prepare himself for college, and ultimately for the Christian ministry. His difficulties were many. His parents were unable to help him to any considerable extent; and besides, there was much covert opposition in the family to his entering the ministry. The younger members of the household laughed at his lack of natural qualifications for the work, and pictured him preaching on 'Starve to Death Circuit,' and, to their great merriment, and to his great discomfiture for the moment, they found an old medical almanac in which was a horoscope. This predicted that a young man born in his month, would 'study divinity, and turn out to be a horse-car conductor.' These things, however, did not trouble George seriously, for he expected that the first stroke of success would sweep away opposition. And he felt that with a fair opportunity he could succeed, with that divine help of which every man has the promise.

His greatest difficulty was to secure the means necessary to support himself in college. He knew he could help himself in two ways: First, by studying at home so as to shorten his term in college. So every evening found him busy with Latin roots and with algebraic problems. Secondly, by saving as much money as possible. So winters found him teaching school, and summers working on the farm or pulling an oar in the fishing boats.

At last he stood on the spot toward which his thought had often been directed—the college campus. Now his anxious question is, 'Will my home study admit me to the colleg class?' His heart was too full for expression when a kind teacher informed him that he was admitted to the freshmen class; and almost as great was his joy two months later, when the same sympathetic tutor told him that, by hard work, he could be at the head of his class by the Easter holidays.

But it is not possible to enter into the details of his college life. The struggle with poverty is bitter enough at the best, but he who has to fight with his hands, tied, earning his bread at odd times, while he gives himself to study, the serious business of life, knows how heavy are these blows that there is no hand to meet and ward off.

George passed successfully through three years in college and found himself at last a senior; it seemed that the goal of his ambition was almost reached. But a feeling of sadness began to pervade his heart. As the days passed it became more and more evident that, unless something extraordinary occurred to succor him, he must leave college before the year was out for want of means. He had husbanded carefully the sum he had at the outset, and by laboring during the long vacation, on Saturdays and other odd times when others were at sport or at rest, he had managed to get along and keep out of debt. But now the sum he had at starting was exhausted, and he must depend upon the little that he can pick up at odd times to pay his board. This he soon learns is painfully insufficient. Now he must face the necessity of leaving school and of not graduating with his class.

One that knows the close associations that grow up among college class-mates can sympathize with him in his sorrow. Not only that, but George felt it probable that if he left college and engaged in business, he might become so entangled in it as not to be able to return and finish his course.

Thanksgiving Day drew near, and he thought, without telling anyone of his intention, that he would take the occasion of the short vacation at the time to leave college not to return. He kept up his work, but with little heart in it, and arose on Wednesday morning before Thanksgiving Day with a dazed feeling, trying to realize that perhaps this is his last day in college. What depressed him still further was, his landlady sent in a bill for board for the last month, requesting a settlement by evening.

Scarcely knowing what he did, George directed his steps to the post-office and inquired for mail. Two letters of more than usual bulk were handed to him. The first one revealed the handwriting and postmark of the home people. He opened it, and to his surprise found a twenty-dollar bill enclosed with these words:—

'Dear Brother George:—We are to have a "home coming" on Thanksgiving Day, and as you are the only one that will not be with us, and as you no doubt will miss us very much, we thought we would remember you with something more substantial than even roast turkey and pumpkin-pie. I hope you will not forget us on that day, as we will not you. Accept the enclosed from your brothers and sisters.

'YOUR SISTER JULIE.'

This was quite too much for George, coming from those whose opposition he supposed had not yet died away, and he broke into tears.

It was some time before he turned his attention to the second letter. It bore the handwriting of a beloved friend and former pastor who had often encouraged him with cheering words. It reads:

'Dear George,—I send you a note of comment on Psa. xxxvii., 25, "I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Please accept the enclosed as a Thanksgiving Day token of love. Excuse brevity; I am writing this over a half-finished Thanksgiving sermon.

'Yours in Christian love,

'WILLIAM THOMPSON.'

'The enclosed' was a ten-dollar bill, a 'note of comment,' indeed.

Here was a change of prospect at once, and the revulsion of feeling in George was so great that for a few moments he stood non-plussed. But soon his heart began to lighten as he saw his way clear to remain in college until the Easter holidays. He would trust the Lord where he could not see, and hoped to finish the year.

But surprises were not yet over for George. He called at the post-office again in the afternoon and found another letter awaiting him. He recognized the writing of his father, whose hand was beginning to be cramped by age. With tears in his eyes (the experiences of the day had made him tender) he broke the seal and read:—

'My Dear Son,—You will remember the order you left with me to collect from Mr. Graham for the work you did for him in the brick-yard a year ago last summer. His business has not prospered, and I had given up the hope of getting the money. I went over to see him some weeks ago, but he said he had no money; was sorry to disappoint you, but that I might take the amount of the order in brick. So I hitched up Jerry, and drew home three thousand, at five dollars a thousand, making the amount of your order. This morning a neighbor came and paid me cash for them at six dollars, as bricks have risen in price. I make it twenty dollars, as Julie did not call me this morning, when the children sent out their letter to you. This leaves us all well and anticipating a pleasant Thanksgiving, and though you cannot be with us, your name will often be on our lips.

'Your affectionate father, J. G. W.'

George now began to realize that the whole experience of the day was a commentary on the text, 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

George finished his course with honor to himself and his alma mater, and as he left conference to take up the work of his first appointment, his ministerial friend sat by his side and said:—

'George, you have had a hard struggle through college, but now that you are actually at work, no one will know or care what you did there. The question will be, "What can you do now?"'

And so he found it. But George cannot forget that Thanksgiving Day, and feels that it was a turning-point in his life. Thousands are struggling now as he was then. Can we not reach out a hand and help them?

—C. E. Wilbur, in 'Methodist Recorder.'

A 'Gem for His Crown.'

(By Mrs. Linnie Hawley Drake.)

'And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, when I make up my jewels.'

'I'm almost discouraged and sometimes feel like giving up my class. Two whole years' work and not one little soul gathered into the kingdom!'

'Weary in well-doing?' came in soft tones from the invalid's chair.

'Not in the doing, but in the results,' answered Helen.

'These belong to the Lord of the harvest. You forget—you are but a seed-sower. But what of the little Italian girl that so interested you a few months ago?'

'Oh, nothing but disappointment there. That wretched creature she believes to be her father, because, as she says, he "beats her." Just imagine, mother, of talking to a child of the loving Fatherhood of God when that is her only idea of the relation! He nearly starves her, and still drags her about from one saloon to another every Sabbath that he is able to play that old fiddle. He is laid up with the gout, she says (whiskey, I think), part of the time, and then she slips away to the school, poor little ill-used thing! But I never seem able to hold her attention—nothing but the music can do that—I cannot even persuade her to carry away a lesson-leaf or picture card. But, oh, if you could hear her sing! At such times her poor little pinched face seems almost beautiful! But even then those big, sad, pleading eyes of hers make my heart ache!'

A moment Mrs. Cone held the bright face close to her own, and then watched her young daughter walk briskly away toward the mission chapel in the very poorest quarter of the great city.

'Our lesson, to-day,' said Helen, opening her Bible and looking kindly at the half-dozen little faces before her, 'is a hard one to teach, and a much harder one to practice—perhaps the very hardest one in the whole Word of God. Can any little girl tell me the golden text? I hope each of you have studied the leaflet!'

'Well!' said their teacher, patiently, 'some one can surely tell me the subject of the lesson. I told that to you last Sabbath.'

'Love yer inimies,' almost shouted a decently dressed child in the corner.

'Yes, "love your enemies." And, Polly, what do you understand by enemies?'

'Wicked folks,' promptly responded Polly.

'Why?'

'Cos they hates you an' cusses you, an' beats yer in the face, an' swipes yer coats and things.'

Helen smiled in spite of herself. 'I'm glad one scholar has studied her lesson—and thought about it, too,' she added kindly.

'An' iss it to love them sort we're tol', Mees Heleen?'

The question came in sharp, surprised tones from the little Italian girl—the first she had ever asked since entering the school.

'Yes, Margaret.' Helen never called her 'Madge' now. 'It was Jesus himself who told us so. We must love, he said, those who hate us; bless them that curse us; pray for them that despitefully use and persecute us. Christ said any one could be nice and obliging to those who are the same to him; but when you can forgive and love and pray for them that hate you and would injure you, then you show that you are Christ's little one, and he is helping you, for it is the hardest thing in the whole world that he asks us to do!'

'But I no love 'e Signor,' exclaimed Madge, excitedly; 'I no love heem, Mees Heleen; no pray for heem; no do good to heem. He did'n' know 'e Signor, Mees Heleen, 'e Jesus Lord.'

Helen closed her Bible. Her eyes were full of tears as she turned to the perplexed child.

'Do you think, dear, that the Saviour knew nothing of wicked men? Listen!'

Then in the simplest words she could find she told the story of the cross. She told them of the agony in the garden, when his friends all left him to meet that bitter hour alone. Told them of the one who sold his lord; the thorny crown he wore; the mocking, taunting rabble; a little of the trial; more of the fainting, tottering form under the cruel cross. Long before she reached that final picture the children had drawn close to her in breathless interest, and the little Madge was sobbing as if her own heart would break in sympathy with the suffering Jesus.

Never before had the young teacher been so earnest. She seemed to feel the story with those questioning eyes looking into hers, as she never had felt it before. Enough to whisper of that dying prayer, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' Enough, or more than enough, for those young hearts to carry away!

A small, grimy hand, plucked at her skirts as they rose for the last hymn.

'An' he say—'e Jesus Lord—'at I mus' love 'im, 'e Signor?' whispered Madge, with quivering lips.

Helen felt her own eyes fill. 'Yes,' she whispered back again; 'but we'll both ask him, Margaret, and he will make it easier for you.' And then as the school sang—

'When he cometh; when he cometh
To make up his jewels'—

a happy thought came to her, and she told it to the child.

'You are really a jewel now, little Margaret—a priceless pearl—did you know? That is the meaning of your name!'

A wonderful look came into those sad eyes. And though, for once, she took no part in the singing, she lost no word of the song—

'Like the stars of the morning
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty
Like gems for his crown,'

And as the last words died away she slipped quietly through the crowd and was gone, and the young teacher little dreamed where and under what circumstances she should next see poor little 'Macaroni Madge.'

'Daughter, can this be that little Italian?' They were at the breakfast table, and Mr. Cone was hastily scanning the morning paper.

Like a flash Helen was at the back of his chair, her quick eyes travelling far ahead of his up and down the columns.

'Oh, it is! It is!' she cried, after a moment. 'Mother, she's frightfully burned—perhaps dead by this time. The wretch! Oh, I couldn't eat, mother. Papa, do come! We may be able to do something!'

But Helen had time to compose herself before the hospital was reached, for it was quite at the other end of the city. Her father had told her all the details that the paper had given of the terrible fire in the old tenement house by the river. The drunken Italian fiddler was supposed to be the cause, and the firemen had succeeded in landing him safely in the street; had, indeed, supposed all were out of the tottering, seething mass, which was but a mere shell at best, when, to their horror, a child appeared at the window of the third story clasping to her breast a violin. Not a moment was lost in adjusting the ladders. A brave man was at the top as quickly as he could ascend, but by that time the scanty night garment of the girl was in flames. There was but an instant to drag her forth, smothering the fire as best he might in the tarpaulin he wrapped closely about the slight form, as they descended. She had fainted before tender hands received her from the brave rescuer, and in this condition was placed in the ambulance and driven to the hospital. 'She was seriously, perhaps fatally, burned; but more could not be learned at the hour of going to press.'

They found the little patient swathed in cotton and bandages. They had no trouble in gaining admittance. Mr. Cone was well known to them, and Helen was a frequent visitor, it often coming in the line of her mission work.

'I thought it must be you, Miss Helen, the poor child is constantly asking for,' said the nurse, coming to them. 'She has moaned "Mees Heleen" continuously since recovering consciousness. I should have sent had you not come, fearing fever if she were not gratified. Otherwise I would not have her disturbed.

'Is her case hopeless?' inquired Mr. Cone.

'At first we thought not; but the burns upon her body and lower limbs are of such a nature as to make recovery very doubtful. She will never walk again should she live.'

'Oh!' cried Helen, burying her face in her handkerchief; 'poor, poor little Margaret!'

The nurse had left them for a moment, and now returned to say that they could go—or, rather, Helen could—to the child's cot, but to wipe away all traces of tears and be as calm and quiet as possible.

An instant's pause beside the little white bed before Helen could stop the quivering of her lips. The big, sad eyes were hidden behind those folds of oiled silk; so they could not see that. Then a soft touch upon the bandaged hands and Helen whispered: 'Dear little Margaret, it is Miss Helen; I am come to take care of you!'

A pale little smile flickered for a moment across the blackened lips, which seemed struggling to form a sentence.

Bending quite close, Helen caught the words: 'He—say—I—must'—

Thinking she referred to some command of the drunken fiddler, Helen said 'Yes?' questioningly, and then waited for more.

'Jesus—Lord—love—do—do good!'

'Ah!' The young teacher caught her breath quickly, while her heart swelled to bursting. Her work! But for her and that lesson this little one would be safe and well. Then as quickly, No, it was the Master's work. She had but repeated his message, and, living or dying, this little child was his.

'I understand, Margaret,' she told her. 'You did this for Christ. He taught you how to do good to the Signor, did he not?'

The lips trembled, then smiled, and she tried to touch the face bending over her with the little maimed hand, but the effort was too much, and it dropped back as she moaned had not Helen caught it and softly carried it to her lips.

The sufferer dropped into her first sleep, and thus the nurse found them upon her return.

Four days Helen watched beside that little cot, each morning bringing fresh flowers to lay against the small drawn face, for thus she could touch them and inhale their sweet fragrance. She was always quieter when Helen sat there. Helen knew. Helen could understand. The parched lips would murmur 'Sing!' and her teacher knew the song she most loved.

'Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer
Are the pure ones, are the dear ones,
Bright gems for his crown.'

would bring sweet tears from the smarting eyes, and she would whisper 'pearl, priceless pearl.'

Once Helen asked her: 'Are you sorry, dear? The old violin was not worth much—not as much as your sweet life!'

The head moved slowly on the pillow. No, she was not sorry. 'All—had—monee'—Yes, it was probably all the miserable wretch did have to earn money by. He had never been here to see the child, though he had been told of her dying condition. She had only once asked about him, and when told that he was uninjured, as well as the old instrument she had risked her life for, seemed perfectly satisfied. 'Do good!—en'my,' and Helen never had asked again.

On the morning of the fifth day Helen came as usual. One glance at the white cot and she knew all.

'Don't grieve,' said the nurse, tears in her own eyes. 'He carries the lambs in his bosom, you know, Miss Helen, and truly this child was his.'

'Tell me,' said Helen, brokenly.

'There was nothing painful. She lay in a stupor most of the night. I roused her once for her medicine. "When he cometh, when he cometh," she repeated over and over, not recognizing me at all. She soon fell asleep. God took her then. She never woke.'

'I am glad, precious little pearl! I am so glad she went that way!'

In the mission chapel the following Sabbath a white casket stood before the desk covered completely with marguerites. The service was very simple. Helen's own pastor from the great church uptown came and told them the story as Helen had told it to him. He wept in the telling. And every heart in the over-crowded building, no matter how hardened and calloused by misery and crime, went out in sympathy to the little body lying shrouded there, whose life was laid down for Christ's sake.

And then a strange thing was done. The children were bidden to look upon the little dead face, and as they came, softly and reverently, a flower from off the coffin was given to each, until not one was left. 'She hath no need of them,' said Helen gently. 'He has come, and to-day she shines in her beauty, "a gem in his crown."'—'Herald and Presbyter.'

Jackson's Room-mate.

(By H. B. Hinman.)

Mrs. Westcott's boarding-house was no better and no worse than the majority of such places. The best you could say of it was that it was a stopping place; at least, it would have taken a person with a very vivid imagination to call it a home. However. I suppose that we fared as well as thousands of other young men and women who have been obliged to go out in the world and earn their own livelihood.

Mrs. Westcott was certainly not running the boarding-house, 'for her health,' and current report had it that she had a tidy sum laid away for a rainy day, although she was always complaining of poverty. We are very certain that she was not running it for our health, either, for the house was cold enough to give a frog a chill in the winter time, and the bill of fare was very scanty, to say the least, on many occasions. Our beds were so hard that my roommate remarked one night that we 'were getting our bed and board all in one.'

My companions in misery were two young ladies, clerks in Brown Brothers' department store, who had the front room upstairs; Mr. Markham, a young printer, and his roommate, Mr. Jackson, a salesman in a wholesale house on Front street, who occupied the east bedroom; two school-teachers, Miss Carver and Miss Sutton, who occupied the suite downstairs; and my roommate, George Fairfax. There were also a number of boarders who roomed elsewhere.

We were rather a peculiar mixture, take us altogether, with dissimilar habits, and tastes, and not in the least alike. However, we usually got along very well, all things considered, and had some very merry times at the table together.

I well remember the day when Frank Markham first came to the house to inquire for rooms. He was evidently just in from the country, was rather shabbily dressed, and extremely bashful. Mr. Jackson's roommate had recently left, having gone to another city to live; so Mrs. Westcott prevailed upon him to take young Markham in his place.

The first meal must have been a trying ordeal to Markham. At the beginning came the formal introduction to all of the other boarders—a ceremony which Mrs. Westcott never omitted. She prided herself on having 'seen better days,' and this gave her an opportunity of showing off her manners, which she considered to be simply superb. He was evidently unused to the society of young ladies, for when Miss Carver attempted to engage him in conversation he blushed violently and stammered in replying. The next morning Jackson told some of us that he should judge his new roommate to be a preacher instead of a printer, from the amount of time he spent reading his Bible and praying before he turned in. 'It was colder than Greenland in our room, too. I'll soon take that out of him, though,' he said. 'I'll get him down to Meyers' for a few nights, and that will settle it.'

Time went on, and the crudeness gradually wore away from Markham. His manners became more polished, his dress more genteel, and his conversation more easy. He was always obliging and considerate, and finally became a general favorite with us all, especially with our landlady. The change in his principles, however, which Jackson had predicted, did not take place. Every Sunday, both morning and evening, saw him start off for the Methodist Church a few blocks away, with his Bible under his arm.

On Wednesday evenings, no matter how tired he might be or how inclement the weather, he was sure to be found in the prayer-meeting. Many a time had Jackson invited him to go down to Meyers' with him and have a game of pool, or to run in on the way home and see how the baseball scores stood. He had even tried to get him to go in just once to see the silver dollars set in the floor and ceiling, which was one of the attractions of the place. Frank always persisted in his refusal, however, and said that he 'did not think a Christian ought to even enter such a place, unless it were an absolute necessity.'

Jackson replied: 'Oh, you're an old fool. What do you want to spoil all the best years of your life for, among those long-faced old men and women up there in the church? They're nothing but a lot of hypocrites anyway. As far as I am concerned, I am going to have a good time while I can, and I don't know where I can enjoy myself any more than down at Jake's with the boys.'

One night Markham thought he smelled liquor more strongly than was usual on Jackson's breath when he came home, and told him that he was afraid he was drinking too much, and he did wish he'd give it up.

'Oh, quit your preaching,' Jackson replied: 'I guess I am man enough to quit when I want to. A little bracer now and then isn't going to hurt anybody, and I know how much I can stand. I can take it or leave it alone, as I please, and you'll never hear of liquor getting the best of me. You'd better mind your own business, and I'll mind mine.'

The next night Markham went down to a social at the Young Men's Christian Association, and he invited Jackson to go with him, in spite of the rebuff which he had received the night before. He refused, however, with a sneer, and went down to his favorite pool-room.

Jackson was feeling in an unusually bad humor that night, and drank more than was customary for him. He was just getting ready to go home about midnight, when three or four of his boon companions, who had been out to a party, droped in.

'Come and have a drink with us, old man,' said one of them.

'I don't care for any more,' replied Jackson. 'I've had enough for one night.'

'Oh, come; be game,' said one of his friends, and at that a couple of them took him by the arms and led him up to the bar.

'What'll it be, Jack?' said his friend.

'Oh, you can give me a glass of beer,' said Jackson.

'Beer be hanged; it's too cold for that tonight,' was the reply. 'Bartender, make it whiskey for all of us.'

He weakly consented, and, as usual, one round of drinks followed another, until they were pretty well intoxicated. Finally they started for home, but stopped in at two or three places on the way, to have 'just one more drink,' and by the time they had left the last saloon there was none of them that could walk straight enough to keep on the sidewalk without help.

Jackson finally left his companions, and reeled off alone toward his boarding-place. In going over one of the crossings he slipped and fell in the gutter, losing his hat, and cutting a great gash in his forehead. He picked himself up after a time and stumbled on. Upon reaching the door he fumbled at the lock with his key for some time, but was unable to fit the key in the keyhole, and finally sunk down on the steps in a drunken stupor.

There his roommate found him when he came down the next morning early. He was fast asleep, his hat gone, his clothes torn, and his face covered with blood from the cut in his forehead. Markham called the landlady, and together they got him quietly to his room, and put him to bed to sleep off the effects of the debauch, Markham staying home from his work all day to nurse him.

Along toward evening he roused up, and inquired what the trouble was. He himself had scarcely any recollection of what had taken place. Markham told him simply, without any comments or criticisms, just what had happened. Jackson rolled over with his face to the wall, and lay there some time without saying a word; finally he said, 'Do the girls know about this, Frank?'

'No,' replied Markham, 'none of the boarders know anything about it.'

'Aren't you going to tell them?'

'No, certainly not,' Markham replied.

'Well, it's mighty good of you, Frank, said Jackson, 'especially after the way I talked to you when you gave me good advice. I wish now that I had taken it. Is the old lady going to turn me out?'

'No,' Markham replied, 'she was going to, but I begged her to give you another trial, and she finally consented to.'

'Frank, you're a trump,' said Jackson. 'I wish I was half as good as you are.'

The following Wednesday night, as Markham was getting ready to go to prayer-meting his roommate surprised him by saying that he guessed he'd go along, too.

When an opportunity for testimony was given, Jackson arose to his feet and said: 'Friends, I have been leading a sinful life, and I am sick of it. I prided myself in my strength, but I had a lesson that has shown me my weakness, and I desire your prayers that I may become a Christian like my friend Markham here. I've roomed with him two years now, and his life has been a constant example to me of what I ought to be.'

In accordance with his request they knelt together, and the pastor and several others, among them his roommate, prayed that God might pardon the past and give him strength for the future. They remained kneeling, and sang together softly, 'Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee,' and as they sang it Jackson felt the sweet peace of God, which passeth all human understanding, steal into his heart, and he knew that their prayers had been answered. After they had passed into the street, Markham grasped his hand, and said: 'Thank God for this answer of prayer. I have been praying for you ever since that first night that we roomed together.'

'Well, Frank,' said Jackson, 'it was your own consistent life that helped answer your prayers.'—'Classmate.'

Take Care of Your Words.

Doy ou know, little maid, when you open your mouth,
That away to the East, to the West, North and South,
On the wings of the wind, just like bees or like birds,
Fly the tones of your voie and the sound of words?

Do you know, little maid, that your mouth is the door,
All the words you will say, all you have said before,
Are imprisoned within? Some are sweet, pleasant words,
Which, when they get out, will sing like the birds.

There are others so cross that they no one can please,
And when they get out, will sing like the bees.
Watch them close, little maid, when cross words stir about,
Shut the door right up tight, and don't let them get out.

—American Paper.

A Samaritan.

(A. Dawson, in 'English Sunday-School Times.')

In the long school-room whose windows looked out on the garden, some five or six girls were gathered together, talking vivaciously. They were the boarders at Madam Bernard's school, and their subject was an impromptu picnic which was to take place next day.

'Every one has helped except Sylvia Lang,' declared one of them. 'I call it a shame of her.'

'Is she coming?' asked Phoebe March.

'Oh, yes, I suppose so; mean people always come to everything and give nothing.'

'I don't believe she is as poor as she wants us to believe,' said another. 'Anyway, she put a shilling into the plate last Sunday, for she dropped it on the floor of the pew, and I picked it up for her.'

'I daresay it is convenient to be poor when other people are there to provide,' sneered Marion Faber.

'Well, let us be thankful we are all ready to help when there is an entertainment going,' summed up Beatrice Ward, the first speaker and the chief organizer of the picnic. 'Now let me go over it all again to see that nothing is forgotten. You, Phoebe, gave the tarts; you, Marion, the lemonade; Madam will provide bread, butter and milk; Elsie and I between us the sandwiches; Carrie gave the strawberries. Now all we want is some cream, and then we shall be complete.'

'And Sylvia ought to give that,' said Marion emphatically.

There was a sudden hush, a turning of heads, and Sylvia was seen standing in the doorway.

She was a tall, slim girl, with a face so pretty that one looked only at it and not at the shabby black dress in which she was clothed. She held a little parcel in her hand and offered it to Beatrice.

'I am afraid I can't do that,' she said, 'but there are some chocolates I have got, perhaps they will do instead.'

A hasty glance went round, and Marion sniffed audibly. Sylvia's cheeks crimsoned.

'My mother sent them,' she said. 'I asked her if I might contribute something to the picnic, and the post has just brought this parcel. I think it was very kind of her.'

Then she went out again.

'They came from the shop, of course,' said Marion with a sneer. 'I wonder Sylvia had the face to show them.'

'Let us see,' said Phoebe, peering into the paper bag. 'Cheap and nasty, I expect, like most of Sylvia's productions, from her hats down to her boots!'

'Shame, Phoebe,' cried Elsie. 'Sylvia can't help being poor. It's Madam who is to blame for taking shopkeepers' daughters into the school. She can't expect us to mix.'

The others were silent, but Beatrice, who had taken one of the chocolates, made a face.

'What about the cream?' asked Carrie. 'She must have heard all that we were saying.'

'Never mind; listeners never hear good of themselves,' said Marion; 'and it won't hurt her to know what we expected of her!'

* * * * * *

It was cool and green in the woods next day, and the beech boughs threw dappled shadows on the grassy bank where the picnic party had encamped. Behind them the thick trees clustered against the hill, climbing skyward—before them an emerald field sloped to the distant road by which they had come. It was but a few miles from home, but to the happy girls it might have been a new world that day. Some flung themselves down in a lazy enjoyment of the warm air and lovely prospect, some wandered away to explore, some climbed the hill to find what lay beyond, as though they were Columbus and this their ocean.

Sylvia found herself alone. Her schoolfellows had all paired off with one another, and none had cared to come with her. She was beginning to notice more and more that they avoided her.

Miss Eddowes, the governess, who had come in charge of the party, was busying herself in setting out the lunch, and no one had stayed to help her. Sylvia, who had been lingering near, watching with wistful eyes the scattered, merry groups that left her further and further behind, now went back and offered her help.

'Thank you, Sylvia, but why are you all alone? Do you not want to go off with the rest?'

'I can go afterwards,' said the girl, beginning to unpack the plates and dishes and to lay them out upon the cloth.

Miss Eddowes saw a gleam of tears in her eyes and said no more, and the work was nearly finished when Beatrice Ward came suddenly upon them out of the wood.

'Oh, what a shame!' she cried, 'and I have run all the way back on purpose to do this. It's only just luncheon time now, and you know I meant to do it, Mis Eddowes. What are you doing, Sylvia?'

Sylvia was taking sandwiches carefully out of a large paper bag and piling them upon a dish.

'Just leave that to me, will you,' said Beatrice brusquely. 'I undertook all this business, and I don't want any help, thank you. There isn't enough work for us all.'

Sylvia got up. 'You were not here,' she said, 'and Miss Eddowes was doing it.'

'Well, I am here now, and there is plenty of time. Miss Eddowes knew I had only just gone up the wood for a minute. Please pass me that basket of strawberries before you go, will you?'

When Beatrice's whistle summoned the girls to lunch, they were all ready to enjoy the good things set before them. There was a great deal of merry chatter as sandwiches, tarts and strawberries disappeared, and each girl had some tale to tell of her adventures.

'Where are Sylvia's chocolates?' asked Carrie, suddenly.

'Oh, I forgot!' said Beatrice. 'I believe they are over there, in the hamper.'

Carrie rose, and diving into the hamper, brought out a shapeless mass of pulpy chocolate cream, thinly disguised in paper.

'Oh, what a pity!' she cried. 'Whoever could have put them at the very bottom of the hamper to get squeezed like that?'

The girls glanced at Sylvia. They were all disappointed.

Beatrice and Marion exchanged looks, and Marion burst suddenly into a loud peal of laughter, pointing to the sticky mass in Carrie's hand. 'They look so funny!' she said, hysterically, wiping the tears from her eyes.

The afternoon passed away in renewed excursions and enjoyments, and at four o'clock some of the elder girls set out to walk home, Miss Eddowes with the younger ones remaining for the cart which was to come for them.

The golden air had grown suddenly grey and chilly, and the walkers set off briskly across the field path, which struck the road a quarter of a mile below.

Beguiled by talk and laughter, the way seemed short, and the gathering clouds were unnoticed till suddenly drop after drop of heavy rain began to fall. Then all was panic. Gathering their light skirts round them, the girls began to run as fast as they could for the nearest shelter. The road was open and unprotected by trees, but half a mile further on stood a cluster of cottages, and towards this they hurried. The rain fell pitilessly, a violent downpour, and a distant rumble of thunder accompanied it. The road grew wet and dirty, the girls' dresses were soaked and their breath failed. But, dripping and exhausted, there was nothing for it but to press on and on, till at last they stood upon the doorstep of the first cottage. Marion lifted her hand and rapped twice sharply.

The door was instantly opened by a tall woman. She was dressed in black and wore a broad-brimmed hat tied under the chin with soft ribbons. She begged them to come in out of the rain, 'but step quietly,' she said, 'for there is some one sick upstairs.'

She led the way to a little kitchen, clean and neat, where a fire was burning, and bade them dry their clothes. 'There will be no one here,' she said, 'and you must be very wet. You can stay till the rain is over, but you must be very quiet, for the sick room is just overhead.' Then she left them.

They clustered round the fire, talking in loud whispers and giggling schoolgirlishly.

'What an old stick she is!' said Marion.

'I believe she would have refused us admittance if she had dared,' announced Beatrice.

'I don't believe there's any one ill at all,' said a third. 'It's just a ruse to make us keep quiet. Come in, Sylvia, you are as wet as any of us.'

(To be Continued.)

I Kept Right At It.

Mr. Studd, of the China Inland Mission, was addressing a body of undergraduates. 'When I was at Cambridge,' he said, 'I was very fond of athletics. I would play cricket a whole afternoon with a man to get him to go to meeting with me in the evening.

'Once a friend of mine said to me, "Studd, when you play a game of cricket, do you ask God to help you win?" "Yes, I do," I told him. "Well, I used to do that," he said; "but it occurred to me that perhaps the other fellow didn't, and it seemed like taking an advantage of him. So I stopped it." But I didn't stop,' Mr. Studd went on in his address. 'I said to myself that if the other men were foolish enough not to pray for the game, it was their own fault. And I kept right at it.'

A college student who had just passed a set of examinations which were unusually difficult, to judge by the universal voice of lamentation, said, 'I never went to one of those examinations without asking God to help me, and I never forgot, but once, to go to my room afterward and thank him for his help.'

A young preacher, well reported of by all the brethren for the zeal and usefulness of his pastoral work, one day stopped a factory hand, as they met, for a warm personal talk. In the course of it he said to him: 'My dear fellow, I am bringing you my Master's message. When I saw you coming up the road, I lifted my heart to him and said, "Lord, give me the words for this man." I very often do it, and I tell you it strengthens me for my work.'

When every member of the Church of Jesus Christ shall pray at his tasks, and at his play, and in his direct efforts for souls, then surely 'God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.'—Sally Campbell, in 'Christian Endeavor World.'

Disappointment for Three.

(By Winnifred Fenn, in 'Child's Own Magazine.')

'Oh, please, cook, may I have just a tiddy-iddy drop of milk?'

Such a coaxing voice made cook look up from her work. It was Maurice, standing half inside and half outside the kitchen door. Seeing that cook did not look cross, he edged himself in a little further, and, putting his head on one side, repeated:—

'Just a tiddy drop!'

'Well, I can't give you much, really, Master Maurice,' said cook, 'because there's a custard to be made to-night, and what with the cats and one thing and another, we might keep three cows, and not have any to spare.'

COOK SAYS, 'A WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS.'

'Oh, that's plenty, really,' cried Maurice, as he watched cook fill a tumbler about half full.

'There, you are, then; drink it up, there's a good boy.'

Maurice's face fell.

'I—I want it out in the garden,' he stammered.

Cook was going to object to this, when, to the little boy's relief, one of her saucepans began to bubble over, and he slipped off before she could ask any more questions.

Outside the garden door two large cats were apparently waiting for him, and up went their backs, and loudly they purred, when they saw and smelt what he carried.

'Come along!' he cried; 'now we've got everything, and you shall have a beautful hot meal instead of a nasty cold one'; and away the three sped to a corner of the garden, which Maurice called his.

It was in this corner by the tool shed, that he spent most of his playtime, for the shed contained many of his treasures. They were a funny collection. The latest additions were a box of matches and a bright tin saucepan, which had been thrown aside by cook because of a tiny hole in the bottom. Into this hole Maurice had stuck a little pebble to prevent its leaking, and he looked upon it as quite perfect.

Carefully placing the tumbler out of reach of the cats, Maurice began to make his preparations.

First he got together quite a heap of dried leaves and crumpled pieces of paper, with a lump of coal on the top which he had fetched from the coal cellar. Then he placed four bricks round it, the two top ones nearly meeting.

'That's how Uncle Jack said the gipsies do when they want to cook their dinners,' he explained to the watching cats. 'Now then for the milk'; and he began to pour it into the saucepan.

At this the two cats began to be very excited, and tried their best to get at it.

'You really ought to know better!' exclaimed Maurice, pushing them away. 'You mustn't have it till it's properly boiled.'

Saying which he struck a match, and started the tiny fire burning under the saucepan.

Then he turned his head away, and held up a warning finger at the cats.

'Now, you mustn't watch it,' he said, 'because cook says, "a watched pot never boils," and cook knows everything about pots and saucepans.'

But the cats refused to turn their backs, and sat with unblinking eyes intently watching the smoke as it curled up from between the bricks, and listening to a curious little hissing sound which came as regularly as though something wet was dripping into the hot ashes.

'I wonder what that noise is?' said Maurice at last, giving a hasty peep at the saucepan, 'I suppose it must be beginning to boil.'

'Another five minutes and his patience was all gone.

'I'm sure it's done now,' he cried, 'because it has left off hissing, and the fire is almost out.'

Something rattled in the saucepan as he lifted it and removed the lid. Then he gave a cry of dismay. Every drop of the milk had vanished!

Two big tears rose in his eyes and plashed down on to the empty saucepan.

Then he turned to his two friends the cats, sitting there waiting so patiently for their meal.

'You poor old pussies,' he cried, stroking their silky fur, 'there isn't any milk for you; that horrid saucepan has let it all run out, and that horrid fire has drunk it all up.'

'Purr-r-r,' said the cats, in a most forgiving way, and they rubbed their heads affectionately on the little boy's shoulder as he sat on the ground beside them, as if to console him.

'We don't mind,' they seemed to say, 'only next time, please, we would rather have it cold.'

That evening at tea time Maurice

took great care to save half his milk for the cats, to make up for the disappointment of the morning.

'You see,' he explained to nurse, 'they weren't a bit cross with me, and they must have been ever so disappointed.'

'Ah,' said nurse, with a laugh, 'I expect when they were kittens they were taught that "It is no use crying over spilt milk." '—'Child's Own Magazine.'

Harold's Dream.

'Oh, Master Harold, you are a wicked, unkind boy! Now I must kill that poor little fly, as you have hurt it so! What can it do now, with no legs and no wings! I shall put you straight to bed, and when your mamma comes home she shall know all about it!' And nurse took him up in her arms, and though he cried and kicked, she put him to bed, and then left him, for it was not even time for baby to go to bed.

There he lay in the dark. Presently he heard a noise, and saw two great big beetles coming along. They came right on to his bed. He tried to scream for nurse, but they tied up his tongue. Then one beetle took his head on his back, and the other his feet, and they began to climb up the wall. Out of the window they went, down to the ground, right through the garden, into the meadow. Then there was a strange sight.

On a throne made from milk stones, all glittering with dew-drop diamonds, sat the caterpillar, so wise that he was the judge of all the insects. In front of him stood a butterfly, a spider, a ladybird, and—lo! and behold!—two flies were supporting the very fly Harold had hurt that afternoon.

When the beetles appeared with Harold on their backs, everybody looked round, very stern and angry.

'Stand here!' said the Caterpillar, and, trembling, Harold stood right in front of him.

'Now, call the witnesses!' said the Judge.

Up walked the Butterfly.

'Tell everything you know!' said the Judge.

She said: 'This boy chased me all round the garden with a great big net, all one summer afternoon, and when he caught me, put me in a little tiny box where there was no light, tore my dress, broke one of my wings, and gave me nothing to eat. But, when he was not looking, his little sister let me out, and I am only just out of the doctor's hands.'

Saying this, she stepped back and the Spider came up.

'He knocked down my house seven times after I had rebuilt it, and then caught me and tied a piece of cotton right round my body, and hung me up for a long time just over a pool of water, so that my feet and legs were in it. When I was tired out and exhausted, he put me in his pocket for "luck," he said, and I was only set free when nurse turned out his pockets at bedtime.'

Everybody turned to look at naughty Harold, who was too frightened to speak, when up spoke the Ladybird.

'He caught me as I was resting on an ivyleaf, and carried me to a large glass bowl full of water, with gold fish and plants in it, and said I must swim, and tried to make me with a match; but I sank to the bottom drowning, and if it hadn't been that a fish carried me to the top of the water on its back, and so set me free, I should now be dead!'

'Call the last witness!' said the judge, sternly. And they carried up the poor fly, who was almost dead and could only gasp out:

'He caught me in the sugar-basin, pulled off my wings and all my legs one by one, and then had to leave me because his nurse was so angry, and carried him off to bed.'

Having said this, the poor fly fell back dead.

No one spoke for a little while. They gazed in sorrow on their murdered comrade.

The silence was broken by the Judge.

'Call the Jury!' he said.

Up came a Fly, a Beetle, a Bee, a Wasp, a Ladybird, and a Spider, to pass sentence on the naughty, cruel boy.

They whispered together, and at last the Judge said:

'It is not right that the strong should be cruel to the weak; therefore take this murderer and treat him as he did the fly. Take off his arms, one at a time, and then his legs the same, and let him go home as best he can!'

The Jury all rushed upon him, and seized his arms, and were just about to pull them off, when he heard his mamma's voice say: 'Why, why, what is all this noise?' and Harold opened his eyes to find it was only a dream.

There was no need for mamma to tell him how wicked and unkind he had been, for he never forgot his lesson, and now you could not find anywhere a boy more kind to the weak and helpless than this little boy Harold.—Lily C. Baker, in 'Band of Mercy.'

The Children in Heaven.

Oh! what do you think the angels say?
Said the children up in heaven;
There's a dear little boy coming home to-day,
He's almost ready to fly away
From the earth we used to live in.
Let's go and open the gates of joy,
Open them wide for the new little boy,
Said the children up in heaven.

God wanted him where his little ones meet,
Said the children up in heaven;
He shall play with us in the golden street,
He has grown too fair, he has grown too sweet
For the earth we used to live in.
He needs the sunshine, this dear, little boy,
That shines this side of the realms of joy,
Said the children up in heaven.

So the King called down from the angels' dome,
Said the children up in heaven;
'My little darling, arise and come
To the place prepared in thy Father's home,
The home that My children live in;'
Let us go and watch at the gates of joy,
Ready to welcome the new little boy,
Said the children up in heaven.

Far down on the earth do you hear them weep,
Said the children up in heaven,
For the dear little boy has gone to sleep!
The shadows fall and the night-clouds creep
O'er the earth we used to live in;
But we'll go and open the gates of joy,
Oh! why do they weep for their dear little boy,
Said the children up in heaven.

Fly with him quickly, Oh! angels dear,
See! He is coming! Look there! Look there!
At the jasper light on his sunny hair,
Where the veiling clouds are riven.
Ah! hush, hush, hush, all the swift wings furl,
For the King Himself, at the gates of joy,
Is taking his hand, dear, tired little boy,
And is leading him into heaven.
—Edith G. Cherry, Plymouth, England.

LESSON V.—Nov. 4.

The Unjust Steward.

Luke xvi., 1-13. Memory verses, 10-12.
Read Luke xvi., 1-13.

Daily Readings.

M. Unjust Holder—xvi., 1-13.
T. Unjust Owner—xvi., 19-31.
W. Unjust Judge—xviii., 1-8.
T. Unjust Pharisee—xviii., 9-14.
F. Unjust Servant—Matt. xviii., 23-35.
S. Merciful God—John xiv., 1-31.

Golden Text.

'Ye cannot serve God and mammon.'—Luke xvi., 13.

Lesson Text.

(1) And he said unto his disciples, There was a certain rich man, which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods. (2) And he called him, and said unto him, How is it that I hear this of thee? Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward. (3) Then the steward said within himself, What shall I do? for my lord taketh away from me the stewardship; I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed. (4) I am resolved what to do, that, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses. (5) So he called every one of his lord's debtors unto him, and said unto the first, How much owest thou unto my lord? (6) And he said, An hundred measures of oil. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty. (7) Then said he to another, And how much owest thou? And he said, an hundred measures of wheat. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and write fourscore. (8) And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely; for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. (9) And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations. (10) He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much. (11) If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches? (12) And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own? (13) No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other: or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Suggestions.

This parable is rather an illustrative narrative, and we are to look upon the rich man and the steward as necessary parts of the setting of the great truth to be taught, and not as having a separate interpretation, or typical and mystical meaning.

Not a little perplexity has arisen in many minds because our Lord selects such an objectionable and immoral character as the vehicle for his instruction. (1) In order to teach the lesson he desired it was necessary that there should be some natural reason for the situation that taught the lesson. Publicans and Pharisees were misusing their worldly gains. There was sure to come a time when they must give an account. They were really unjust stewards of things God had entrusted to them. A steward, therefore, was naturally the central figure of the parable. He must be unjust to represent these hearers, and to give a reason for the crisis in his affairs when he must give an account of his stewardship. Thus he could teach a lesson to his hearers from the prudence and ingenuity of the man who looked out for the future. (2) It is natural and right to select some one quality for imitation without in any wise approving of the other qualities by which it is accompanied.

Mammon in the Syriac means money. It represents wealth, gains, money. It is called the mammon of unrighteousness, either because it refers to wealth even when gained unrighteously (Bruce), as was the case with many of his hearers; or because it tempts to unrighteousness, is the frequent cause of fraud, is full of danger. 'Take any coin out of your pocket and make it tell its history, the hands it has been in, the things it has paid for, the transactions it has assisted, and you would be inclined to fling it away as contaminated and filthy. But that coin is a mere emblem of all that comes to you through the ordinary channels of trade, and suggests to you the pollution of the whole social condition. The clothes you wear, the food you eat, the house you live in, the money you are asked to invest, have all a history which will not bear scrutiny. Oppression, greed and fraud serve you every day. Whether you will or not, you are made partakers of other men's sins. You may be thankful if your hands are not soiled by any stain that you have wittingly incurred; but even so, you must ask, What compensation can I make for the unrighteousness which cleaves to mammon? How am I to use it now, seeing I have it?'—Marcus Dods.

How can we make friends by means of mammon? By giving it away in benevolence; by using it to help men; by supplying the wants of the poor; by sending the gospel around the world; by aiding schools and colleges; by advancing every good word and work; by investing it in the enterprises which give employment to men at liberal wages.

That, when ye fail—Die and can no longer use your wealth, or when you lose what you have gained, as often happens. They may receive you into everlasting habitations—Those whom you have helped will welcome you in heaven. Heaven will be sweeter, brighter, happier to you on account of them Even in this world, giving to them brings you into the spirit of heaven, and gives you a foretaste of the future blessedness. It enlarges the soul, it increases forever the capacity for enjoyment.—From 'Peloubet's Select Notes.'

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. A reliable man is one who can be trusted in an emergency because he is honest in the performance of duty every day. He who neglects small duties cannot be depended upon to fulfil any. No duty is so trivial but that the doing of it will strengthen the doer in the characteristic of faithfulness. A character of reliability and faithfulness is in itself a treasure of inestimable value. Those who are not faithful in their daily duties can never obtain the true riches of character which can be given only to those who honestly earn them by patient striving after righteousness. He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much, for each failure of justice and righteousness has made a weak spot in the character, and each little sin yielded to has opened the way for larger and further reaching sins. The man who neglects his opportunities has no means of judging which are the great and which the small. Sins of neglect sear the conscience, blind the eyes, and render the character indolent and weak. Injustice is caused by selfishness.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon. He who tries to serve mammon will wake up some day, like the prodigal son, to find himself starving and deserted, sent by mammon to tend swine. God does not put his servants to such a task, nor treat them in such a manner; his servants have bread enough and to spare. The service of God is liberty in holiness, the service of mammon is slavery to sin. The man who makes a god of his money is as great a fool as the man who worships a little image of wood or clay. No amount of gold can buy off death and judgment. The possessions of riches brings with it awful responsibilities. He who worships mammon despises God, setting at naught his commandments. (Ex. xx., 3; Deut. vi., 14, 15; Luke x., 27.)

Questions.

Relate the parable of the Unjust Steward. Was it his unrighteousness that was commended? How can we prepare for the future? How should we regard money? Is it worth the sacrifice of faith, honor or religion? Do you really care more about your duty to God than about making a little extra money? Could money buy salvation (I. Pet. i., 18, 20), or any blessing from God?

C. E. Topic.

Nov. 4.—Are you doing your best? Matt. xxv., 14-30.

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR TALENTS.

Mon., Oct. 29.—Strength. Isa. xl., 29.
Tues., Oct. 30.—Speech. Ps. xix., 14.
Wed., Oct. 31.—Sight. Luke x., 23.
Thu., Nov. 1.—Mind. Phil. ii., 5.
Fri., Nov. 2.—Hearing. Mark iv., 23, 24.
Sat., Nov. 3.—Skilful hands. Ps. cxxxvii., 5.
Sun., Nov. 4.—Topic—What are our talents? Matt. xxv., 14-30.

A Regular Little Turk.

A Christian friend was spending the afternoon with me, and in the course of conversation that beautiful promise in Isa. lv., 11, 'My word shall not return unto me void,' was quoted. 'Yes,' said my friend (herself a Sunday-school teacher for nearly sixty years), 'I can tell you of a true circumstance in connection with that verse.

'Many years ago, in the days when village schools were very different to what they are now (with all the modern requirements—certificated masters and mistresses, etc.), there was in the pretty village of N—— an infant schoolmistress. She dearly loved the boys and girls, and longed intensely that they should early learn to know and love their blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Month by month and year by year she taught these little ones, often discouraged, yet patiently sowing the seed—God's Word.

'Many years passed, old age came on, and she could teach no longer. One day a stranger from abroad arrived in the village, and anxiously inquired if Mrs. P——, the infant schoolmistress, were still alive, and where did she live? Her address was soon given, and he found his way to her little home. He then told her that he had come in fulfilment of a promise he had made to a very dear friend now dead. The promise he had given was that on his return to England he would go to the village of N—— and find out Mrs. P——, and tell her that Tom Harris (I do not know the real name) had gone home to be with Jesus—so happy, a sinner saved and forgiven, and that it was all through her. He had been, he said, 'a very naughty, troublesome little boy,—a "regular little turk"; but the texts so patiently taught had never been forgotten, and far away from the sweet Devon home, in a distant land, those very texts were used by the Spirit of God to show him his condition as a lost sinner, and also point him to Jesus, the Saviour—the way, the truth, and the life. We can all picture the joy of the dear old lady, now for many years safely home in the many mansions of our Father's home.'—E. T. G., in 'The Christian.'

Trifles.

It may seem to be a trifle to be able to teach the class without keeping the eyes riveted on the Bible. Those who have tried the method of having the lesson so in mind as to be able to look into the eyes of the pupil while teaching, know that this is no trifle, but a wonderful help in the keeping of order, which is so necessary in the impressing of truth. A good teaching plan is no trifle. It may seem to be a trifle for a teacher to be partial. Teachers sometimes wonder why they have lost their influence over certain members of their classes. The officers of the school, perhaps, could give the reason. They have selected a few of their pupils, to whom they pay especial attention. The other members of the class notice this, are hurt, and fail to respond to the teacher's appeals. 'Impartiality' should be a watchword of every teacher. It may seem to be a trifle for a teacher to forget a promise made to a pupil. To the pupil, however, it is great matter. He rarely forgets that promise, and the teacher's influence is lessened because of his failure to keep it.—A. H. McKinney.

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VIII.—MODERN WINES COMPARED WITH BIBLE WINES.

1. Q.—How much alcohol have you learned that Bible fermented wines contained?

A.—That seldom more than four parts in 100 were alcohol.

2. Q.—How much alcohol do the wines of the present day contain?

A.—From 8 to 25 parts out of 100 are alcohol.

3. Q.—What is done to all imported wines?

A.—They are fortified.

4. Q.—What is meant by being fortified?

A.—In crossing the ocean the wines would turn sour. To prevent this they are mixed with brandy and thus contain a great quantity of alcohol.

5. Q.—Is this done also to wines made in America?

A.—It is. Many of the California wines are fortified.

6. Q.—What effect has this upon the wine?

A.—It gives a larger quantity of alcohol; as high sometimes as 25 parts out of 100, and renders the wine very intoxicating.

7. Q.—Did they ever fortify fermented wines in Bible times?

A.—They did not.

8. Q.—Why not?

A.—Because no distilled liquor of any kind was known.

9. Q.—Are the California wines as dangerous to use as the imported wines?

A.—They are, for they contain as large an amount of alcohol and are just as intoxicating.

10. Q.—What else besides the alcohol in wines of the present day makes them dangerous to use?

A.—The greater portion of wines both imported and home-made, are adulterated and many are made from chemicals and do not have a particle of grape juice in them.

11. Q.—Is there any difference in the general effects of wine, brandy, and other alcoholic liquors upon the individual who uses them?

A.—There is not, they all produce drunkenness, and ruin the body and soul.

12. Q.—How does St. Augustine sum up the bad effects of wine drinking?

A.—He declares wine-drinking to be 'the mother of all mischief, the root of crime, the spring of vices, the whirlwind of the brain, the overthrow of the sense, the tempest of the tongue, the ruin of the body, the wreck of chastity, a loss of time, a voluntary rage, a shameful weakness, the shame of life, the stain of honesty, and the plague and corruption of the soul.'

Rotted Off by Beer.

No one will accuse the New York 'Mail and Express' with being an organ of prohibition, yet the following little bit of fact which we cull from its columns we commend to the advocates of beer as a 'nutritious and refreshing beverage.' That journal says:

The attention of the New York hospital surgeons has been called to the big number of bar-tenders that have lost several fingers of both hands within the past few years. The first case was that of an employee of a Bowery concert hall. Three of the fingers of his right hand and two of his left were rotted away when he called at Bellevue one day and begged the doctors to explain the reason. He said that his duty was to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly. The man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took the young doctors quite a time to arrive at any conclusion. But they did finally, and it nearly took the beerman's breath away when they did.

'Your fingers have been rotted off,' they said, 'by the beer which you have handled.'

Other cases of a similar nature came rapidly after this one, and to-day the physicians estimate there is an army of employees of saloons whose fingers are being ruined by the same cause. The acid and resin in beer are said to be responsible.

The head bartender of a well-known downtown saloon says he knows a number of cases where beer-drawers have, in addition to losing several fingers of both hands, lost the use of both hands.

'Beer will rot iron, I believe,' he added. 'I know, and every bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather as rapidly almost as acid will eat into iron. If I were a temperance orator, I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away men's fingers and their shoe-leather? I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it—not much.'—'National Advocate.'

A Word with Boys.

Boys seldom realize the value of the evening hours. If profitably employed, the spare hours at the command of every boy and girl would render them intelligent and equip them for a life of usefulness. If these spare hours are wasted, the opportunity for securing an equipment for life may never return. increasing years mean increasing duties and exacting demands upon one's time. 'The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on street corners wastes, in the course of a year, three hundred and sixty-five hours, which, if applied to study, would acquaint him with the rudiments of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for cigars, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals in the country. Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by a lounge on the corner, or a cigar, is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in them without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and hurtful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you till your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that, as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.'—'Lutheran Observer.'

Her Own Root Beer.

My dear friend, the late Mary D. James, in her early married life, had a near neighbor and dear friend, a most devoted Christian. Being of the same mind in many respects, they spent much time together, taking their sewing to each other's houses of an afternoon. This friend made her own 'root beer,' and they would take a glass together, when at her house. After a while Mrs. James noticed that after these visits she would have a slight, dull pain in her head, but at no other time, and wisely attributed it to the beer; consequently, the next time she visited her friend she refused the beer.

Her neighbor was very much astonished, and tried to show her that it was 'perfectly innocent.' 'Why, I make it myself. There is nothing in it but water, roots, sugar and yeast.' Mrs. James, though not able then, as she was later in life, to give a scientific answer to her friend, gave one it would be well for every Christian to ponder: 'It does have a bad, though slight effect on me; and I do not think Christians should use anything which does not agree with their health.' So ever after that her visits were paid, and no beer drank.

But very soon not only she, but others, noticed a slow change taking place in her friend. She was not so prompt in her church and home duties, her activity declined, her disposition changed, her health failed. Mrs. James felt sure of the cause, and begged and pleaded with her to give up her beer, but all in vain: 'It can not be that; I make it myself; there is nothing in it to hurt me.'

More and more the habit grew upon her; more and more she made and drank her 'home-brewed beer,' till this bright, intelligent, active earnest Christian, fallen away from her church, her home desolate, her family and friends heartbroken, was laid in a drunkard's grave, without, to all human knowledge, that 'blessed hope of the first resurrection from the dead,' to which she had so joyously looked in early life, and of which she had been defrauded by her own root beer.

When my friend related this to me, she said: 'I tell you this sad, sad story of my poor friend; some time may come when it will be of use to some one.' It seems to me that time has come. — 'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

Could Not Give Up Cigarettes

'Mamma, I don't know what is the matter with Willie. He has acted queer all the morning, and has locked himself in his room. I can't get any word from him,' said the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Ross, of Camden, yesterday.

'He's smoking those cigarettes again,' said the father, as he hurried upstairs.

He knocked on the door of his son's bedroom, then pounded on it, shouting for the boy to open. But the only answer was silence. At last, in fright he burst it open. Hanging from a rafter was the body of the fifteen-year-old lad. Two skate straps around his neck had formed the noose. He had been dead for more than an hour.

On the floor lay the skates from which the straps had been taken. An overturned chair showed the method employed by the youthful suicide. He had evidently gone coolly about it, for the silent witnesses in the room showed that he had been methodical in his arrangements. He left no note or other form of message.

There seemed to be but one explanation of his suicide. It was the excessive use of cigarettes. Ever since he was a little fellow he had been inordinately fond of them. He was smoking half the time. His father had no objection to tobacco, but when he saw the boy was growing eccentric and nervous he told him to use small cigars instead of the paper tubes, and try to break himself of the habit. But the boy clung to his cigarettes.

'He was in fine spirits this morning,' said his father. 'His mother and I went to the Dudley Methodist Church unsuspecting anything wrong. The only words I had with my son this morning were when I chided him for being too funny at the breakfast table. I think the cigarettes made him insane.'

Coroner Landis had the same opinion and gave a certificate.—'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

The Song of the Decanter.

There was an old decanter, and its mouth
was gaping wide;
The ruby wine had ebbed away and left its
crystal side;
And the wind went humming, humming—up
and down the sides it flew,
And through the reed-like hollow neck the
wildest notes it blew.
I placed it in the window, where the blast
was blowing free,
And fancied that its pale mouth sang the
queerest strains to me.
'They tell me—puny conquerors!—that
Plague has slain his ten,
And War his hundred thousands of the very
best of men;
But I'—'twas thus the bottle spoke—'But I
have conquered more
Than all your famous conquerors, so feared
and famed of yore.

Then come, you youths and maidens, come
drink, from out my cup,
The beverage that dulls the brain, and burns
the spirits up;
And puts to shame the conquerors that slay
their scores below;
For this has deluged millions with the lava
tide of woe.
Though in the path of battle darkest waves
of blood may roll,
Yet while I killed the body I have damned
the very soul.
The cholera, the sword, such ruin never
wrought
As I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent
have brought.
And still I breathe upon them, and they
shrink before my breath;
And year by year the thousands tread this
dismal road to death!'

—'The Indian Standard.'

HOUSEHOLD.

From Yeast to Loaf.

(By Miss Martha Frances Rankin.)

'You did not think that I would come. Now did you really?' greeted young Mrs. Richards,as her friend and nearest neighbor, dear old Mrs. Perkins, assisted her in removing her wrappings.

'Yes, I did, indeed I did. I know your proneness to long walks, and, moreover, I was well assured something more formidable than Jack Frost's grip would deter you, notwithstanding the thermometer is below zero. Well, I'm ready for you; that is to say I made the yeast yesterday.'

There was a faint shadow of disappointment in Mrs. Richards's face which happily the old lady did not detect.

For Mrs. Richards possessed that rare tact which is born of true benevolence of heart. Therefore, she restrained her words: 'Oh, I wanted to see you make it.' But instead, she merrily laughed as she exclaimed:

'I'm ready, too,' at the same time opening her grip and drawing therefrom that which caused Mrs. Perkins to stare in mute surprise with arms akimbo.

'Well, now, if you don't look for all like that pretty Miss Baker.' Mrs. Richards had adjusted to her head the daintiest white cap, and then an apron of the snowiest white linen, which covered and protected her dress.

'I acknowledge the compliment,' (with a charming courtesy) 'though I am not fortunate enough to know who "pretty Miss Baker" may be.'

'No more you don't; for she is neither here nor there, I guess. Her picture is in all the papers. Now if I had called her Miss Baker Chocolate (interrogatively) wouldn't you understand?' A merry peal of laughter from the younger housewife and would-be pupil of the dear old lady of many years' experience of delicious bread-making, made the farm cottage ring musically and brought a light of gladness and amusement into the dear old heart, reflecting its magic charm into the face; which, notwithstanding its many wrinkles, was kindled into beauty; emphasizing the fact that age is not so much a matter of passing years, as it is the condition of heart; the presence or absence of contentment of spirit.

'How very good in you to bother with me. No, I will not say bother,' as the dear woman remonstrated at the imputation. 'I know you are as glad to teach me as I am to learn. And, dear Mrs. Perkins,' mischievously shrugging her shoulders, 'Ned is always saying: "This is lovely." But that little hesitation prepares me for the qualification that is sure to follow: "Almost as good as mother's." But I know it is not, and I am determined to have it so. If bread is the staff of life, I want mine the best staff possible. Oh, I must not forget my note-book,' as she drew one from the grip. The two went into the kitchen, which was a model of neatness and convenience.

'First, I'll tell you how to make the yeast,' Mrs. Perkins said.

'And I will be very attentive, and jot it down,' replied Mrs. Richards.

'You might head it "soft yeast,"' confided the old lady.

'Ready,' answered the young housewife, holding her pencil in position.

'Early in the morning,' began Mrs. Perkins.

'It's as good as "once upon a time,"' interupted Mrs. Richards.

'You mustn't stop me,' commanded her teacher.

'Early in the morning,' repeated Mrs. Perkins, 'put to soak two yeast cakes in one pint of warm water. Be sure they are fresh. When soft, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of flour. Set in a warm place. At noon boil twelve potatoes, strain through a colander, pour on this one quart of boiling water and one quart of cold water. When cold enough add the mixture prepared in the morning, and set in a warm place to rise. When risen add two tablespoonfuls of salt. So much for the yeast. Keep in a cool place.

'To make your bread, use one quart of this yeast and no other wetting, except just enough hot water to warm the yeast. Add two tablespoonfuls of lard, flour to make a stiff dough. Put in a warm place to rise. Bread mixed in the morning will be ready to bake before noon. I make my whits bread just the same. Now dearie,' concluded Mrs. Perkins, 'if you want any more information, come again. Provided you use the best flour, you cannot fail.'

'I will not fail if perseverence avails,' assured Mrs. Richards, with girlish enthusiasm.

'How did your bread come out?' asked Mrs. Perkins a few days later, as Mrs. Richards gaily announced that she had gone into the bread-making business.

'Fine. I have difficulty to keep the bread-jar supplied. One week I make the entire wheat, the next the white. I think I have given your receipt to a dozen of my friends, and each declares the method and the bread the most delightful. Ned says it is "delicious," that means as good as his mother's.'—Ithaca, N.Y., 'Observer.'

How They Solved the Problem

A TRUE STORY.

(By Fidis, in 'Union Signal.')

'One thing is certain, we can't go on as we have been doing,' said John Dudley, 'the ice has given out.'

'And there is no money with which to buy a separator,' added John's father, from across the breakfast table.

'We can't get the cream from the Sunday's milk with the appliances we have, and I don't think there will be any harm in sending it to the cheese factory, as our neighbors do,' continued John, in a tone that rather belied his words.

Martha Dudley listened in silence. It had been one of the unwritten laws of the family ever since the cheese industry was started in the neighborhood that the Sunday milk should be kept at home and made into butter later in the week. At first many other families had followed the same custom, but as dairies increased in size it became less and less convenient to do so, and one by one the farmers laid aside their scruples about the Sunday work at the factory, until the Dudley family was the only one in the neighborhood that did not send away milk on that day.

It was Saturday morning. The problem must be settled in some way before night. The heat was intense, and there was no prospect that it would be less for weeks, perhaps months to come. As Martha Dudley went about her household duties that morning it was with this constant prayer in her heart, 'Lord, show us how to honor Thee in this sore strait. Deliver us from partnership in the sin of taking from our fellow beings their day of rest.'

The little farm on which the Dudley's lived was not yet paid for. It required great care to make the income it yielded cover the interest and expenses. Any loss on the milk would prove a serious matter, but as the day wore on, the conviction became a certainty in Martha's mind that the milk must stay at home, even if it should be wasted. She knew that the other members of the family would be as glad as she to avoid departing from the precedent so long established, if only a workable scheme could be devised for keeping the milk until Monday morning. When evening came she had her plan.

John brought water from the well and filled the large milk cans, while his father strained the milk into the aerator, then poured it into the little channel cans belonging to the creamery, setting them into the cold water until morning, when they were placed in the cool sweet cellar. The morning's milk was treated as the night's had been, and with clear consciences the little family went to join in the worship of the day.

Monday morning dawned, hot and dusty. Three anxious faces bent over the milk cans to note the result of the experiment, and three broad smiles soon announced that it was successful.

Before the close of the season the Dudleys had proved that milk thoroughly aerated and quickly cooled to sixty degrees, would keep sweet for thirty-six hours, even if the temperature of the place in which it was kept reached seventy degrees.

The next season they patronized a creamery. As the heat of the summer increased, the butter maker began to fear he would have trouble with the kept-over milk. It stood to reason, he said, that, even if it was sweet when delivered, it would sour in the vat before the rest, and produce unequal ripening and the loss of some of the butter. To prove his theory, on Monday morning he quietly set aside samples from the cans of old and new milk. At night, when he examined them, he was surprisd to find that the milk which was one day old, had soured, while that which was two days old was still sweet.

One summer evening as the Dudley family were enjoying the coolness of their broad verandah, the cheese maker passed.

'How stooped and old Ben looks,' said father Dudley, 'he is smoking himself to death.'

'Yes,' answered John, 'he says he must smoke to keep up, working as he must seven days in the week. He has no Sabbath, and the men who draw the milk seldom attend church; they say they couldn't get around in time after going to the factory. Let's talk this matter over with the farmers and see if we can't get them to try our method, then at the next patrons' meeting bring it before them, and see if we can't start a ball rolling that will work a revolution in this dairy business!'

'What's all this about?' called a cheery voice, as their pastor, whose approach over the lawn had been unnoticed, appropriated a vacant hammock.

'This Sunday business is just what has been worrying me,' said he, after they had told him the whole story, 'only not being farmer I did not know how to find the remedy. I'll preach some sermons on "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," and "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," while you will give the practical illustration of how it may be done on a dairy farm. I feel as though a revival had already begun!'

'There's a mountain of work to be done before we shall see this matter readjusted,' said John.

'But it is one of the removable sort,' hopefully suggested his mother.

'According to your faith be it unto you,' spoke the pastor, while father Dudley's deep bass voice replied, Amen.

Squash Pie.—To one quart of squash add a cup and a half of granulated sugar, one tablespoon of ground ginger, one tablespoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon salt, half a pint cream, four eggs, one quart scalded milk, one-half a nutmeg grated, juice and grated rind of one lemon. Line a deep pie dish with paste, fill with the mixture and bake till the filling is set. This quantity should make four pies.

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